

Cate Blanchett wants to be my friend on Facebook

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a short play

by

Alex Broun

Email: abroun@bigpond.net.au

www.alexbroun.com

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Cate Blanchett wants to be my friend on Facebook

Characters

BARRY

MORRIS

SARAH

CATE BLANCHETT

Time

Morning. Working day.

Setting

Construction Site office.

Cate Blanchett wants to be my friend on Facebook

Construction office. Morning.

BARRY sits at a desk working on a computer. **MORRIS** enters.

MORRIS: Morning Barry.

BARRY: Morris.

MORRIS: You gettin' on to that pouring this morning ?

BARRY: First thing. Just checking my Facebook.

MORRIS: Don't be too long.

BARRY: I won't.

MORRIS GOES THROUGH SOME FOLDERS, LOOKING FOR SOMETHING.

MORRIS: You see that invoice from the Cement company ?

BARRY: Put it in the folder.

MORRIS CONTINUES TO LOOK.

BARRY: You know someone called (READING) Cate ... Blatchett ?

MORRIS: Who ?

BARRY: Cate Blatchett ?

MORRIS: Don't think so. Why ?

BARRY: She wants to be my friend on Facebook.

MORRIS STOPS LOOKING IN FOLDER, THINKS. BEAT.

MORRIS: How you spelling it ?

BARRY: C – a – t – e

MORRIS: C not K ?

BARRY: Yeah C.

MORRIS: And the last name ?

BARRY: B – l – a – n – c – h – e – t – t.

MORRIS THINKS. BEAT.

MORRIS: I think you'll find that's Blanchett.

BARRY: Yeah.

MORRIS: (COMING OVER TO SCREEN) B - l - a - n - c - h - e - t - t.
Blanchett.

BARRY: Right. You know her then ?

BEAT.

MORRIS: Can't say I do. (HE GOES BACK TO FOLDER) You sure that invoice is in here ?

BARRY: Yeah. Says here she won an Academy Award.

MORRIS: What for ?

BARRY: The Aviator. Best Supporting Actress.

MORRIS: Well that's obviously bullshit.

BARRY: You reckon ?

MORRIS: Course. If you've actually won an Academy Award you're not going to brag about it on Facebook are you ? You're going to be humble about it. Let people work it out for themselves.

BARRY: True.

MORRIS: Probably some wannabe. Just hit ignore.

BARRY: But then she'll know won't she ?

MORRIS: No mate. That's the good thing about Facebook. People don't know when you ignore them.

BARRY: But she'll see I'm not in her friend list.

MORRIS: Take her awhile to work that out. How many friends she got ?

BARRY: Three.

MORRIS: Maybe not so long then.

BARRY: If I make her my friend then I can bite her with my vampire.

MORRIS: What Vampire level you up to ?

BARRY: Ice.

MORRIS: Ancient. You sure that invoice is in here ?

BARRY: Unless Sarah paid it already.

MORRIS: She in yet ?

BARRY: Getting coffee.

MORRIS: Come and get me when she gets back. Just going to go and have a look at that copper piping they dug up yesterday.
(LEAVING) And Baz, really need you to get on to that pouring.

BARRY: On my way.

MORRIS EXITS.

BARRY: Confirm – ignore – confirm – ignore.

SARAH ENTERS WITH COFFEES.

SARAH: (HANDING ONE TO **BARRY**) Here you go. Skim decaf flat white with one sweetener.

BARRY: Thanks.

SARAH: There's some woman at the front gate for you.

BARRY: Who ?

SARAH: Says her name's Kate Blatchett.

BARRY: Cate Blanchett ?

SARAH: I'm pretty sure it was Blatchett.

BARRY: What did she look like ?

SARAH: Plain. Very pale skin. Wearing a big hat. Not sure why. Not like there's any sun out there.

BARRY: Could be "beautiful in certain lighting conditions" ?

SARAH: Guess so. Why ?

BARRY: (POINTING TO COMPUTER) That's what it says here, under "About Me." "Beautiful in certain lighting conditions."

SARAH: Is that her ? Good picture.

BARRY: She doesn't look like that ?

SARAH: Not at all.

BARRY: She wants to be my friend on Facebook.

SARAH: Yeah ? What did you say ?

BARRY: Haven't decided yet.

SARAH: What's she doing here ?

BARRY: I don't know.

SARAH: Maybe she's stalking you.

BARRY: Yeah, right. Morris wants to know where that invoice is for the cement.

SARAH: Under the folder.

BARRY: Under ? I said in.

SARAH: The paid ones are in. The unpaid ones are under. I told him that yonks ago.

BARRY: Sorry. Didn't know.

SARAH: Don't worry. I'll go tell him.

BARRY: Went to check on that copper piping.

SARAH: Later.

BARRY: Hey, what do I do about Cate Blatchett ?

SARAH: Wasn't it Blanchett ?

SARAH EXITS. BARRY LOOKS AT THE SCREEN AGAIN.

BARRY: Confirm – ignore – confirm – ignore ? (BEAT) Ignore.
CATE BLANCHETT ENTERS, WEARING DARK GLASSES AND A LARGE HAT.

CATE BLANCHETT: Hi, I'm Cate Blanchett.

BARRY: Not Blatchett ?

CATE BLANCHETT: No, Blanchett.

BARRY: Nice to meet you.

CATE BLANCHETT HOLDS OUT HER HAND. **BARRY** SHAKES IT.

CATE BLANCHETT: Great office.

BARRY: Think so ?

CATE BLANCHETT: Very urbane. Functional.

BARRY: It's an office.

CATE BLANCHETT: Still, as offices go ...

BARRY: What are you doing here ?

CATE BLANCHETT: I like it. A man of – Cutting right to –

BARRY: Excuse me.

CATE BLANCHETT: The chase. Action. Getting – to – it.

BARRY: Meaning ?

CATE BLANCHETT: I needed to speak with you.

BARRY: Right. Any particular reason ?

CATE BLANCHETT: The reasons are many and varied.

BARRY: Right. How did you find me ?

CATE BLANCHETT: I have people.

BARRY: People ?

CATE BLANCHETT: Who do *things* for me.

BARRY: What *things* ?

CATE BLANCHETT: Many *and* varied.

BARRY: Great, but you're not actually allowed on the site.

CATE BLANCHETT: Of course. I'll toodle off just freshly. But first – I'm wondering - why you haven't replied to my friend request ?

BARRY: I have replied.

CATE BLANCHETT: Confirm or ignore ?

BARRY: (BEAT) Confirm.

CATE BLANCHETT: Let me check.

BARRY: (BLOCKING COMPUTER) Can't.

CATE BLANCHETT: Why not ?

BARRY: It's a work computer. No personal surfing allowed.

CATE BLANCHETT: (LOOKING AT COMPUTER) But I can see your Facebook profile.

BARRY: I was just checking it quickly before the boss came in. But he's here now.

CATE BLANCHETT: Is he ?

BARRY: Just checking on some copper piping.

CATE BLANCHETT: Piping ?

BARRY: Dug up some copper piping yesterday. Wasn't on the charts. Just gone to check it out. Back in a minute.

BEAT.

CATE BLANCHETT: So you definitely added me as a friend ?

BARRY: Yep.

BEAT.

CATE BLANCHETT: (SUDDENLY) You're lying !

BARRY: No I'm not.

CATE BLANCHETT: Yes. You are !

BARRY: Alright. I am. I ignored your request.

CATE BLANCHETT: But why ?

BARRY: Does it matter now ?

CATE BLANCHETT: Yes, it does.

BARRY: I don't want to rub it in.

CATE BLANCHETT: Please Barry. If I understand why you ignored me it will help me to deal with the pain. And help me in obtaining more Confirms in the future.

BEAT.

BARRY: Alright. (BEAT) You sure you want to hear this ?

CATE BLANCHETT: Go on Barry. I can take it.

BARRY: Well ...

CATE BLANCHETT: Say it Barry. Say it.

BARRY: You're an actor.

CATE BLANCHETT: So ?

BARRY: Well, it's not really a very honourable profession.

CATE BLANCHETT: Isn't it ?

BARRY: No.

BEAT.

CATE BLANCHETT: I see. Why isn't acting an honourable profession ?

BARRY: Well, you're sort of famous -

CATE BLANCHETT: Sort of ? I'm -

BARRY: But you don't really do anything. You're like one of those people.

CATE BLANCHETT: Which people ?

BARRY: You know like Paris what's-her-name ? Famous for being famous.

CATE BLANCHETT: That's not true.

BEAT.

BARRY: Well actually it is.

CATE BLANCHETT: But I won an Academy Award.

BARRY: Actually there's a few questions about that.

CATE BLANCHETT: A Golden Globe.

BARRY: Who hasn't ?

CATE BLANCHETT: I won the Volpi Cup at the Venice Film Festival.

BARRY: See, now you're just making that up.

CATE BLANCHETT: I played Galadriel in Lord of the Rings 1, 2 and 3.

BARRY: I'm not sure I'd be owning up to that.

CATE BLANCHETT: Return of the King and Two Towers are two of the Top Ten grossing movies of all time.

BARRY: Doesn't make them good.

CATE BLANCHETT: Many people have congratulated me on my portrayal of the Elf Queen.

BARRY: Any who weren't members of your immediate family ?

CATE BLANCHETT: You didn't like it ?

BARRY: Missed the character's core – by some margin.

CATE BLANCHETT: She's ethereal.

BARRY: There's also a steely resolve.

CATE BLANCHETT: Didn't get that ?

BARRY SHAKES HIS HEAD, SADLY.

CATE BLANCHETT: And your profession is honourable ?

BARRY: Now you're just being nasty. And you know it.

CATE BLANCHETT: Sorry.

BARRY: Cheap shot Cate. We build. Houses for people to live in, places of work, community centres, schools, hospitals. We make things that exist in the real world. While you create –

CATE BLANCHETT: Fantasy ?

BARRY NODS, AGAIN SADLY.

CATE BLANCHETT: I entertain.

BARRY: Bandits ? Elizabeth : The Golden Age ? Entertain is not the word I'd use.

CATE BLANCHETT: I provide those little people, out there in the dark, with an escape. From the daily grind.

BARRY: At best, a momentary diversion. At worse – a reminder.

BEAT.

CATE BLANCHETT: I'm a mother. I've raised three children.

BARRY: There's something to be proud of.

CATE BLANCHETT: Then will you accept my friend request ?

BARRY: I would if you'd listed that under your achievements.

CATE BLANCHETT: What does it say ?

BARRY: "Actor. Academy Award. Elf Queen."

CATE BLANCHETT: I just forgot to put mother in.

BARRY: Forgot being a mother ? I'm not sure I really want to be friends with someone who puts their achievements as an "actor" over their achievements as a "mother".

CATE BLANCHETT: But I don't.

BARRY: Cate ...

BARRY SHAKES HIS HEAD AGAIN, SADLY.

CATE BLANCHETT: But I didn't write it. One of my people did.

BARRY: You know what they say about bad builders ?

CATE BLANCHETT: No. What do they say ?

BARRY: Blame their tools.

BEAT.

CATE BLANCHETT: You're not going to confirm me as a friend are you ?

BARRY SHAKES HIS HEAD.

CATE BLANCHETT: Maybe if you got to know me a bit better.

BARRY: I'm a bit fussy who I accept as a friend.

CATE BLANCHETT: You could come over for dinner ? Andrew will cook.

BARRY: I don't think it will work now. We've kind of got off on the wrong foot.

CATE BLANCHETT: What if I make it worth your while ? Have you seen "Notes on a Scandal". I can be pretty hot stuff.

BARRY: You see, now that's just sad.

BEAT.

CATE BLANCHETT: (DROPPING TO HER KNEES, BEGGING) Barry, please !

MORRIS: (ENTERING) Still can't work out where that piping's coming from.

HE SEES **CATE BLANCHETT** KNEELING IN FRONT OF **BARRY**.

MORRIS: Everything alright ?

BARRY: Good thanks Morris.

BEAT.

MORRIS: You getting on to that pouring ?

BARRY: Just on my way.

SARAH: (ENTERING) Morris, the invoice is *under* not -

SHE ALSO SEES **CATE BLANCHETT** KNEELING IN FRONT OF **BARRY**. BEAT.

SARAH: In.

BEAT. **CATE BLANCHETT** STANDS.

BARRY: Morris. Sarah. This is Cate Blatchett.

CATE BLANCHETT: Blanchett.

MORRIS: Nice to meet you.

SARAH GIVES A LITTLE WAVE.

CATE BLANCHETT: Morris. Such a nice name. Strong. And Sarah. So ... pretty.

MORRIS: As Barry knows, we have a rule about visitors on site.

BARRY: I didn't invite her. (BEAT, LOOKING AT **CATE BLANCHETT**)
Well I didn't. (TO **MORRIS**) She wants to know why I ignored
her friend request on Facebook.

MORRIS: (TO **CATE BLANCHETT**) Whatever the reason we've got a busy
morning. Cement pour and we found some copper piping where it
really shouldn't be. So if you wouldn't mind ...

MORRIS INDICATES THE DOOR.

CATE BLANCHETT: Of course. Well Barry, see you 'round. Online.

BARRY: No you won't. Remember – "ignore."

CATE BLANCHETT: Maybe you'll change your mind. In a month or two ?

BARRY: Not likely.

CATE BLANCHETT: A year ? Five years ?

MORRIS: (USHERING **CATE BLANCHETT** TOWARDS THE DOOR)
Really flat out this morning.

CATE BLANCHETT: (TO **MORRIS**) Would you like to be my friend ?

MORRIS: Sorry. Too many already. Can't keep up.

CATE BLANCHETT: (TO **SARAH**) Sarah ?

SARAH: (SHAKING HEAD) Sorry.

BARRY: (TO **CATE BLANCHETT**) You're acting desperate now.

CATE BLANCHETT: Big turn off ?

SARAH, BARRY AND MORRIS NOD THEIR HEADS.

CATE BLANCHETT: (TRYING TO REGAIN SOME DIGNITY) Right, well ...

MORRIS: Straight down the path and back through the gate.

CATE BLANCHETT: Morris, Sarah, Bazza.

BARRY: It's Barry.

CATE BLANCHETT: Of course. Good bye.

CATE BLANCHETT EXITS.

BARRY: Thought she'd never leave.

SARAH: Sad.

BARRY: Very.

MORRIS LOOKS AT BARRY.

BARRY: What ? I didn't invite her.

MORRIS MOVES TO THE FOLDER.

MORRIS: Have a word to Neil at the gate. No visitors. And pouring - now.

BARRY: On it.

MORRIS: That'd be good.

BARRY EXITS.

MORRIS: Facebook. More trouble than it's worth really. (TO SARAH) Now, where's that invoice ?

SARAH AND MORRIS LOOK THROUGH THE FOLDER

AS THE LIGHTS FADE. END PLAY.